

Mary turned her eyes upon him, in which the tears now shone with a lustre that betokened death.

"The Lord reward you, Edward; take her and teach her always to love and forgive." Springing up, she clasped her husband's cold form to her bosom, and her mind appeared to wander for a moment. Then gently pushing back the dark hair from his cheek, she imprinted kiss after kiss upon it—and then suddenly, as if recalled to her recollection, she gave a mournful wail and sunk upon his breast a corpse.

Let us draw a veil over the scene, and forever remember that many a drunkard has dated the commencement of his career to the "eleven o'clock free lunch."

J. K. G.

PHILADELPHI, March 5, 1853.

THE OHIO ORGAN OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Cincinnati, April 22, 1853.

TERMS.

Single subscriptions, \$1.50
Clubs of ten and upwards, 1.00
All subscriptions must be accompanied with the cash, and addressed, postage paid, to

CALEB CLARK,
Ben Franklin Printing House,
Cincinnati, O.

Postmasters, and others, who send us requests to change the address of subscribers, will please state, particularly, to what address we had previously been sending such papers.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES!! MAGNIFICENT PREMIUMS! Extraordinary Inducements TO AGENTS AND POSTMASTERS!

Believing that the extensive circulation of the OHIO ORGAN in all parts of Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and other Western and Southern States, will accomplish an immense amount of good to the cause, in preparing the minds of the people for the favorable consideration and reception of the MAINE LIQUOR LAW, and for its FINAL RATIFICATION BY THEM AT THE BALLOT-box, the Publisher has been induced, as an incentive to action, and as a partial return for the labor required in soliciting names for the ORGAN, to offer the following list of

SPLENDID PREMIUMS!

To be decided on Friday, the first day of July next. All who intend competing for these Prizes, are requested to give early notice.

A Premium of Fifty Dollars!!

Will be awarded to that person sending in the largest number of subscribers between this time and the first of July.

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For the next (fourth) largest.

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1,000 Maine Law Tracts!

For the next (sixth) highest.

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For the next (seventh) highest.

In addition to the above Premiums to Agents, a splendid Mezzotint Engraving, by John Sartale, of SAMUEL F. CARY, P. M. W. P., Will be awarded to the subscribers of the six lowest Premiums. And a copy of DR. BEECHER'S TEMPERANCE LECTURES, or Rev. SAM'L W. FISHER'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN, both splendid books, to each unsuccessful Agent sending in twenty five subscribers and upwards.

These are all very liberal Premiums, and ought to induce every active temperance man to exert himself in circulating the ORGAN. WE WANT READERS FOR THE ORGAN, (which will make Maine Law men and women,) and are willing, as our list of premiums will show, to pay well for them! We think it our duty to remain perfectly silent from now until the first of July, as to who will be the lucky Agents; but this much we will say in advance, whoever secures any one of the Premiums, will have to work, and that, too, from now until they are decided. All renewals will be considered as new subscribers, but no subscription for a less time than one year, will be counted.

Persons intending to compete for the premium will give early notice, that we may enter their names in our Prize Book.

All communications must be addressed, post-paid, to
CALEB CLARK,
Ben Franklin Printing House, Cincinnati, O.,
March 11, 1853.

"Therefore shall they eat the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices."

E. B. was a distiller in Hamilton county, Ohio; was for many years a member of the Legislature, and much respected. Before his death drank hard, and his family were severely bitten by the "worm of the still." One son became a prominent county politician, afterwards intemperate, and died with mania potu. Two sons-in-law, men of talents and respectability, died loathsome drunkards, one of them breathed his last in the Commercial Hospital at Cincinnati—a pauper. One son, still living, a man of strong mind, but a miserable, drivelling sot.

Mr. C. owned a large farm on the Great Miami, about sixteen miles from Cincinnati. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and much esteemed. Contrary to the advice of his pastor he erected a large distillery; prosecuted the business of making whisky with great success, for several years; became fond of the "critter;" gradually lost his standing in the Church; became a bankrupt in property, and finally a vagabond. His wife procured a divorce, his once happy family were scattered, and his whisky rotted carcass reposes in Potter's-field—the burial place of strangers.

The Messrs. H., two brothers, came out from New Jersey with abundant means, which they invested in an immense distillery on the Big Miami. They were sober, respectable men, one of them contributing one hundred dollars per annum to the Methodist Church, the other a like sum to the Presbyterian Church, in which he had a choice pew. The pious corn growers in all the surrounding country thought they were doing God's service in selling their corn to the brothers H. They had ample means and unbounded credit. In less than ten years one of these brothers, in a state of intoxication, fell upon the pavement and the fall produced concussion of the brain, of which he died. He was deposited in a coffin of rough boards and now sleeps in a grave unmarked by a single stick or stone. The other brother is a drunken pauper, and will doubtless, ere long, be tumbled into a pauper's grave. Their families are peeled, decimated, scattered.

K. was a prominent member of the Methodist Church; owned and conducted a mammoth distillery on the Little Miami. Several preachers in charge at different times attempted to enforce the Wesleyan rule upon him, but his wealthy corn-growing Methodist fellow-members, who wanted a home market for the product of their farms, managed in every case to secure an acquittal. Finally there was so much said and so much printed about the Methodist distiller, that he quit the Church. He preferred resigning his place in the sanctuary to his place in the distillery. He still lives; the Messrs. G., the extensive Methodist farmers still pour the rich product of their land into his cauldron of death and sympathize with their persecuted brother, who has been

driven by fanatics from the fold of Methodism. The end is not yet. A brother, fascinated by the tempter, is staggering to a drunkard's hell; and the bloated face and blood-shot eyes of the proprietor himself, reveal but too plainly that the viper's fangs have been driven into his vitals, and the deadly virus is rapidly doing its work.

We have lived all our days between the two Miami rivers, and we could write sketches of distillers that would fill a volume, every one of which would show that the curse of God was on their farms, their bodies, their families, their souls. Go to the head waters of Mad River and follow its meanderings till it reaches the Big Miami, and then trace that river to its junction with the Ohio, and follow down the Ohio to "Lawrenceburg," "Aurora" and "Rising Sun." Then pass up the tributaries of the Miami—"White-water," "Paddy's Run," "Indian Creek," "Seven Mile," &c., &c., and almost every mile you will find the dilapidated walls of an old distillery. In some instances nothing remains but the remnant of the chimney, or a few rotten logs, or unsightly piles of brick or stone. Inquire after the former owners and occupants, and in nine cases out of ten you will find that they too have passed away, and that the living members of their families are fairly represented by the worthless and charred remains of the father's distillery.

So of the valley of the Little Miami and its tributaries.

The distillery fires have not only wasted the rich productions of the earth, but they have consumed reputation, health and life. If the same number of men had been busily engaged in poisoning these springs, rivulets and rivers, one half the desolation would not have been wrought. This would have brought only physical suffering and death, but there has arisen from these distilleries a moral miasma which has blighted, blasted, polluted everything pure, lovely, excellent and holy among men.

Is it any marvel that a righteous God should smite the workers of mischief? It is one of the laws of His beneficent Providence, that the wretch who digs a pit for his neighbor shall fall into it himself. "The ways of a man (says Solomon) are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings."

"He that diligently seeketh good procureth favor: but he that seeketh mischief it shall come unto him." "The house of the wicked shall be overthrown." "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness."

These are everlasting truths and universal in their application. Why will men, with such eternal truths before them, with the bitter experience of those who have preceded them in the work of death, and the scattered fragments of other's folly all around them, persist in manufacturing "distilled damnation?" Why will government, professing to regard the well being of society, permit these streams of death longer to flow?

WM. R. KING, Vice President of the United States, died at his residence in Dallas county Alabama, April 18th, at 6 o'clock P. M.

Cincinnati Gazette—Temperance.

This prominent Whig journal contained two long editorial articles last week on the subject of temperance, and the state of the cause in our country. The first article was suggested by the action of the State Temperance Executive Committee recently had at Columbus. Fault is found with that action—

1st. Because any effort to elect a Legislature favorable to a law of prohibition would be disastrous to the "Whig party" as these "side issues" always affect most that party.

2d. Because—The true way of advancing the temperance reform is to make the people "prefer some other beverage" than distilled spirits; and suggests that the evils of intemperance will be removed or greatly mitigated by encouraging the cultivation of the vine, and bringing the product of the vintage within the reach of all.

The first of these reasons we trust will influence no one who believes legislation necessary, and who loves principle more than mere party.

The second is the same old argument that was urged when the partial pledge was introduced, and which has ever been regarded as unanswerable by the wine-drinking aristocracy, but an argument known to be fallacious by ninety-nine out of every hundred who have, with a brain unfuddled with sparkling Catawba, reflected upon the subject.

The second article of the Gazette editor begins by stating that little or nothing has been accomplished by the twenty years of labor by the eloquent in the pulpit and the bar, and the advocates of temperance from all the ranks of life; that notwithstanding the cause is a good one and generally acknowledged so to be, there is as much intemperance as ever. He suggests that the reason is that no change in the "material condition" of those who are prone to fall into this vice has been urged by reformers. In other words, when we have persuaded them away from the grogshops, we have not furnished an equivalent in the way of amusement; we have not made other associations more inviting than the "lurking places of the villages." The Gazette says, in reference to those just entering upon a career of intemperance: "They have no strong habits, no long cultivated taste, no ungovernable appetite to contend against," and yet knowing the dangers in their course they will drink; it "is not easy for them to stop drinking." Why? The editor gives one very good reason. Man is a social being; he must have companions, he needs amusements when the toils and labors of the day are over; and when the sweet evening season of enjoyment and peace comes, he goes forth in search of amusement and companions. He naturally and almost inevitably enters the coffee-house or tavern bar-room, because there is no other place to go; and being there, it is almost a matter of course that he should drink. To use the expressive language of the Gazette, to get through a month of a life without a place for amusement "requires courage, fortitude, resolution." Exactly so. While